An Elegy on the death of *Denzil* L^d *Holles*,

Who departed this Life the 10th day of *Feb.* 16??.

IS *HOLLES* Dead! the Proteſtants beſt Friend,
Whoſe Zeal and Care for *England* had no end;
Who in theſe times of Jealouſie and Fear,
Did ſhine ſo bright, tranſparent, and ſo clear?
Were it not Sin and Hell to do the Deed,
Methinks I could diſpatch my ſelf, and bleed
Thy Sacrifice. Bleſs'd man! Oh how my heart
Beats to get out and follow thee! One Dart,
The weakeſt in Death's Quiver, now would be
Enough to let my Soul out after thee.
Lament his Death (Oh) all true Proteſtants,
And pray to God for to ſupply our Wants
With more ſuch Loyal and Deſerving Lords;
For ſuch as he, our Land but few affords.
But why (alas) ſhould we lament in vain?
Our loſs of him on Earth, proves his great gain.
His well-ſpent Life's rewarded with a Crown
Of Fame immortal, and with great Renown.
Death was our Enemy, to him a Friend.
Long had he liv'd, yet faithful to the End.
Our Chronicles take notice of his Fame,
And crown with Praiſes his Immortal Name;
Who always Loyal was to a Juſt Cauſe;
And ſtill upheld both God and Kingdoms Laws,
With all the Priviledge of Parliament;
Which was aparent by thoſe Books he ſent
Into the world: For he both rightly knew
What ſhould be done, and what himſelf ſhould do.
It's true indeed, at's houſe he lay in State,
But how? (for him) after too mean a rate;
Too mean a rate, I ſay, for ſuch a One,
Who truely was in State, when we ſaw none;
Stately in Life, and ſtately after Death:
His beſt State came, now he's depriv'd of Breath.
The Beſt, when dead, their Love no more impart,
But their departure reaches each mans heart;
The Bad, when dead, lamented is by none
But thus; *Why ſuch a man is dead and gone.*
Vivit poſt funera virtus, ſtill will be
The good mans Motto, and his Elegie;
Whoſe Name on Earth we'll never ceaſe to praiſe,
But to his Honour ever Victims raiſe.
Then for great *Holles*, let this word be given;
He liv'd and died well, now reigns in Heaven.

:10 April. 1680: